

Oxford Democrat.

No. 42, Vol. 3, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, February 27, 1844.

Old Series, No. 1, Vol. 12.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Clark,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. The Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance, and no credit will be given for a longer period than three months.

Communications and Letters on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POPULAR TALES.

The Last Shilling.

BY J. C. DOW, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It was at the commencement of a stormy evening in the rainy season, when a young woman, dressed in a soiled and tattered set of clothes, which, like their wearer, had seen better days, rushed into the bar-room of one of the low hells of Lisbon, in a state of intoxication, and throwing herself upon one of the rude settees, ordered a bottle of *can de vie* to be placed before him. The assiduous attentions of the garcon soon supplied the wants of the impatient stranger, and drawing together the curtains of the alcove, he left him to attend to numerous calls from people of almost every nation under heaven.

The young man sat for some time with his head leaning on his hand, and nothing gave evidence of his existence but the escapement of a sigh, so deep and strong that—like the outbreaking of the smothering fire of a volcano—it seemed to burst asunder the subject from whence it proceeded. At length he drew from his pocket his purse, and after duly examining its lean and poverty-stricken appearance, turned out upon the marble table a solitary shilling. It was his all—he had arrived at the "ne plus ultra" of his riches, and poverty seemed with long and withered limbs to stalk before him. It was the turning point in the history of Henry Staunton—birth, friend, reputation; nay, even the decency of a vagabond, were about to be surrendered up to the power of intemperance and crime. He gazed about him with a look of madness; he had not calculated upon poverty—poverty such as this—when the dice and the gold rang upon the gaming table—when the song of the syren swelled high above the festive board, and the deluded votaries of Bacchus found a living pain in the draughts of *jolly Cham*.

He had calculated the cost of the degradation and debasement of a noble soul—but poverty! he had not thought of her—that cruel hag which, worse than the damning nightmare, sits heavily upon the breast, though lightly upon the stomach, of the poor unfortunate, and presses him down to a level with the ignominy and the vile. In our own happy country we hardly ever see or feel poverty—but in the old kingdoms of Europe, where the unfortunate are numberless, and where the tendency of their institutions is to make the poor, poorer, and the rich, richer—poverty such as man would gladly exchange for death, stalks about the street in slow and cadaverous form, scowling like the famished wolf for victims, and clutching her long, skinny fingers at the throats of rosy-cheeked children and well-fed friars.

Henry Staunton reflected—it was the first time that he had cast a thought upon his wretched condition for months. He looked at his ragged clothes, and shuddered—a little mirror before him showed him his finely shaped countenance bloated and red with unnatural excitement—a deep gash, half healed, marred the beauty of his commanding forehead, and thick, glossy, raven locks were matted with dirt and dust. His once smart beaver was knocked into a thousand angles, and his unwashed shirt collar hung over an apology for a black silk neck handkerchief, like a dirty job over the bow-pipe of a Newcastle collier. His whole dress would have brought him a handsome sum, had there been in the neighborhood some *Billy Barlow*, devoid of the necessary coarseness of his character.

The beauty remained unimpaired—the favor of fortune had passed away—the finer feelings of human nature began, like an poured upon the stormy ocean, to calm the swelling and blackened surges of vice—and the tears that had long since been dried up, like a summer brooklet, suddenly accumulated in their parched channels. He drew a white handkerchief from his breast, and grasping it convulsively in his hand, gazed upon the name for a moment, then dashing his head upon the table, burst into a flood of tears. His sobs soon attracted the attention of the company in the next alcove, and the keeper of the hell, fearing that his foreign customer might be about to commit suicide in his premises, and thus lay upon him the onus of his burial, entered the recess, and shaking the unhappy youth by the collar, bade him seek a lodging elsewhere. This was enough! Henry Staunton arose a new, a redeemed man. The hour of degradation had passed away, and with a smile upon his face, which, like the rainbow of God upon the retiring shadows of the deluge, gave evidence of future calmness, he replaced his memorial of early love, and lifting from the table his solitary shilling, bade the keeper of the hell observe that his brandy remained untouched. He then departed—and as he stepped out upon Praça del Rocio, the night wind howled around the rocks of Cintra, and the Tagus gave back its sounds with a thousand echoes.

Along the shores of Lisbon are numerous sands, where the money-loving boatmen of the

Tagus huddle around a few brands, and await the hour when the naval officers from the various squadrons come down to return to their floating lodgings. The moustached sentinel paces along the quay with greater dignity as the middle hour of the night draws near, and the horse patrol make their only round when the joyous reeler, with the weather leech of his main-topgallant sail a little lifting, comes swearing down the streets, damning the earthquake for making them so hilly, and the citizens for crowding them with unnecessary filth. As for the earthquake, that could not be helped—but for the nightly showers of unholy water that descend upon the heads of wandering strangers, from eight till twelve, P. M., from the numerous front windows of the eight storied houses of every street in Lisbon, nothing can be offered in extenuation. They are sins which cannot be forgiven by foreigners, and are barely tolerated by those who indulge in them.

It was to one of these fires that Henry Staunton bent his steps, as the heavy tones of the cathedral clock tolled eleven. Soon after his arrival there, the captain of a jackass frigate, who had been dining with his country's consul, came rolling down like a ship in the chops of the channel in a heavy sea, with the wind free, and endeavoring to make the boatmen who beset him understand where he wanted to go—but from a natural thickness of his tongue, and an additional impediment in the shape of *agua ritar*, he endeavored in vain. At length Henry Staunton, who sat shivering over the few embers of the dying watch-fire, approached him, and in English, asked the stranger where he wished to be taken.

"Taken!" said the son of Neptune, with a heavy leech-lurch, "why taken on board, and be—d—d to you," and he chuckled at his wit, like a monkey who had put a hot chestnut into an unsuspecting cat's paw.

"But to what ship?" said Staunton.

"What ship?" said the captain—"why to the Boanerges, captain Spitfire, pierced for thirty-six long guns, with a shifting one astern. D—n it, sir, there she is, don't you see the lights under the mizzen-top? Suppose you go on board with me, youngster, as you seem curious—I always like to meet a countryman in a foreign land, especially after dinner. Come, bear a hand my boys, and bring up the boat."

A boat was soon ready, and, after numerous ineffectual efforts, the captain compromised the matter with his legs by rolling in on a couple of oars. Once on board, by force of habit, he rolled into the stern sheets in an upright position, and gave the order "Shove off."

The boatmen, however, refusing to move until they were paid, captain Spitfire seemed to ignite at this insult to his dignity, and was about to roll out upon the quay in the same manner that he rolled in, when Staunton, recollecting his shilling, pulled it out, and showing it to the boatmen, said, "If this will compensate you for your trouble, it is at your service."

"Thank you, my master," said the first oarsman, "it is small, but it will do," and hailing his companion, who immediately joined him, the boat shoved off from the quay, and soon lay along side of the frigate Boanerges, one of H. B. M. S. squadron in the Tagus. The worthy representative of his country's honor was soon housed in his state room, and Henry Staunton, having been invited below by the master-at-arms, located himself on a grating between the two forward guns, on the starboard side of the gun-deck, and was soon lost in a sleep far more sweet than any that had blessed his eyelids since his departure from his native home, to learn the ways of damning vice in a guilty land.

"Seven bells," cried the master-at-arms of the Boanerges, as he came up the forward hatchway. "Turn out, turn out, you lazy lubbers," and administering a few gentle hints with his rattan, soon had the crew upon their feet, busily lashing up their hammocks.

Henry Staunton heard nothing of this din, until a bucket of golden water came splash in his face from the bucket of one of the afterguard, who was busily employed in washing down the deck. He started at his face, and with good humor, acknowledged the fitness of the oblation, and then eyed about him. It was morning, and a golden sun—like the shores of *Alicia* and *Lisbon* were bathed with the golden coloring of nature—the sea and the sky were of a deep orange glow, and purple lines—the cry of the smelter was heard, as his train of axes came down the steep bank of the shore, while the cheerful yell of the crew of the lugger's crew, as they took on board the wine of Xeres and Oporto, broke the echoes of the winding river's shores.

It was a long time before he could call to mind the occurrences of the previous night—and while he stood looking anxiously out of the bridge port, his forlorn condition attracted the sympathy of the British tars around him, who kindly gave him an invitation to their mess, and bade him brush up for his interview with "Old Smoke Pipes," the nick-name given to their commander by them.

Henry Staunton soon cleared himself from all remains of his old habits—his tattered suit went down on the bosom of the golden river, and his old shoes served to toll out two or three unwelcome sharks who had entered the bay for the purpose of overhauling the shoals of marrow-bones that had been thrown overboard until they had nearly overturned the admiral. After undergoing the martyrdom of being shaved by the ship's barber, Staunton dressed in a neat suit of sailor's clothing—his hair he combed over his wounded forehead, and as he paced the fore-castle with the quarter-master of the watch, awaiting the commands of the honorable captain Spitfire, he seemed like one of the fancy men of the Boanerges, just returned from a liberty-week on shore.

Just before the topgallant yards were crossed, captain Spitfire made his appearance in a neat

dress, and, with a seamanlike alacrity, endeavored to make up for his evening debauch by his strict search after the faults of others. After inspecting the ship thoroughly, and finding everything as usual in proper order, he sent for the master-at-arms, and bade him bring into the cabin in his scrub acquaintance of the previous evening.

Henry Staunton was soon in the presence of the commander, who bade the master-at-arms retire, and then turning to him, said in a gruff tone, "youngster, tell me your history!"

Staunton detailed the principal events of his dissolute life in a spirit of deep contrition, when he had finished, he leaned his seat—his head upon his hand, and awaited his fate.

Captain Spitfire looked at the fine form and intelligent face before him for some minutes, and then striking his hand upon the table, said, "youngster, I'll make a man of you, for he whom the land casts off, the sea must swallow. You have improved *visibly* in your out-works since last night—see that you keep as clean here," striking his hand upon his breast. "Dirt and discipline never sail in company—and he that keeps his copper foul in my ship, must be worthy of condemnation!"—then turning, he rang a bell—the orderly entered. "Tell Mr. Slops, the purser, to bring up the rating list—another son of thunder waiting to be christened."

The purser had expected a morning call from his commander, and soon entered the cabin of the Boanerges, with his shipping articles in his hand; and in a few minutes Henry Staunton was rated a midshipman in the gallant navy of Britain.

"Here, sir," said the captain, handing Staunton a doublet, "here is sufficient to buy you a jacket and dirk—act your part well, and from the glance of your top-lights I feel confident that you will do his majesty some service. Recollect, there is your shilling with interest—study the necessary part of your profession, and let the fancy business go to the devil, to whom it belongs. Ah! how white gloves and cologne water, speak as little cursed French as possible, and never call me Old Smoke Pipes on duty. Be off—I won't be thanked. I have read you like a book. Go to the first lieutenant and study the ropes, and be careful how you let Nip Cheese, (the purser), finger your doublet."

This saying, the excellent hearted captain bowed the newly dubbed midshipman of the Boanerges to the door of the cabin, and seeing the master's mate of the watch at the gangway, called out, "Mr. Strother, introduce Mr. Staunton to the young gentlemen below, and be careful how you cut up any monkey shins with him—there's the most head! You understand me sir! Good morning, Mr. Staunton."

A pendant was now seen flying from the admiral's signal halliards, and then was seen the Boanerges' number, and a signal below.

"What is it?" cried a dozen voices.

"Boanerges under way to get—follow the admiral with or without signals," said the signal officer, as he entered the cabin.

"Answer the signal, sir," said captain Spitfire, "Mr. Catharpin, all hands up anchor." Then the heavy roar of the admiral's signal gun came rolling over the deep, and the "blue peter" unrolled itself to the breeze, floated gaily at his fore.

Now all was bustle and apparent confusion, and (like all other ships of war that had been long anchored) the Boanerges got under way in a lubberly manner, and as the shades of evening fell upon the silent waters, took her departure from the rock of Lisbon.

Young Staunton was now on a new element. The dark hour had passed away, and the poor vagabond, who so lately would have sold his existence for rum, became a *Jemmy Reeler*, and was considered, ere he had been a week on board, the crack officer of the cock-pit.

Onward the three-decker rolled her course, and swiftly the gallant frigate followed in her wake. On the third day out, a signal from the admiral denoted a sail on the starboard bow, and soon another signal bade the Boanerges crowd all sail in chase. Now was captain Spitfire's time to show his intrinsic value. His qualities became apparent, (like those of the diamond,) beneath the hand of a publisher, and the gallant tar, ere the enemy's vessels were in sight, was ready for a private battle on the deep. His batteries were clear, his guns double-shotted, cutlasses, pistols, and boarding pikes were distributed by no misgiving hand, and the powder boys stood ready behind each gun with spare cartridges in their leathern passing boxes. Round shot and wads were in the shot racks, and the men were at quarters with their trousers rolled up to their knees, their jackets off, and their necks bare—some had handkerchiefs about their waists, and some had them twisted a *la Targue* around their heads—looking as they stood in clusters around each iron mouth-piece like a component part of the cannon itself. The decks were sanded to prevent them from becoming slippery with blood.

The marines and top-men were at their stations, and the cock-eyed marine officer, with a tremendous muckle whanger, was marching up and down the larboard waste, now casting one eye into the fore-top, while the other rested on the mizzen, and now shaking his sword at some lazy fellow who had sat down to rest, probably to sigh over the melancholy reflections which the hour excited within his breast.

The captain was standing on the horse-block peeping through a mighty spy-glass, while the officer of the deck, assisted by two quarter-masters, and a few youngsters, was endeavoring to make out the craft from the opposite side of the ship. At length, as the Boanerges drew nearer, the frigate and her main-top-sail to the mast, and yawning gracefully, showed the files of the Boanerges floating at her ensign peak.

"French, by ———," said captain Spitfire to Mr. Catharpin, the first lieutenant. "Stand by the bow-gun sir. All ready?"

"Aye aye sir," replied the captain of the division.

"Then let the Mounseer's hear your thunder—fire!"

"Bang," roared the bow chasers, and from a wreath of woolly smoke, the thirty-two pound shotspots on its mission of destruction—it took the Frenchman's main ship, and slammed across his gun-deck—the splinters flew about merrily.

Considerable confusion was created by the salutation of the Boanerges, and L'Agile, for such was the French frigate, filled away, and endeavored to get the weather gage, but captain Spitfire was up to the frog-eater, and tossing him half a ton of cold iron in quick succession, the Boanerges bore down to board.

"First division of boarders away," thundered the captain, and from the different quarters of the ship came forth a flood of armed men in the twinkling of an eye. The Boanerges had now ran foul of L'Agile's stern, and making the frigates fast with his own hands, captain Spitfire, followed by young Staunton and a hundred men, gained the Frenchman's deck. It was a dreadful meeting—the French fought like tigers—the boarders flung themselves upon boarding pikes and points of cutlasses—battle-axes and hand grenades were hurled in every direction—the report of the boarder's pistol was followed by the crash of the next man's skull as its heavy butt descended upon it. The second division now came to the assistance of the first, headed by the first lieutenant, and they arrived in time to secure the victory. Harry Staunton had just cut the French captain down as he drew a pistol to shoot captain Spitfire. At that moment a pikeman pinned the gallant reeler to the mizzen-mast—but he had hardly done so before the cutlass of captain Spitfire laid him headless upon the deck.

At this moment the third division of boarders came pouring in, and in five minutes the flag of England floated at her ensign peak. "The cross it went up, as the lilies came down."

For a moment captain Spitfire had missed young Staunton, but now, seeing him leaning pale and trembling against the mizzen-mast, he sprang and released him, and while the tear stood in his eye he clasped him in his arms, and said—

"Well done, my young recruit—you have nobly earned your swab, and if there is any gratitude in the sea-girl's tale, you shall have a hand to your name ere I am three weeks older."

The surgeon instantly had his patient removed to his berth, and after a careful examination of his wounds, he conveyed to captain Spitfire the gratifying intelligence that his young charge would finally recover, notwithstanding he was severely hurt. The prize was then overhauled, and the damage to both hull and rigging repaired.

In the course of a couple of hours, captain Spitfire, having left the prize in command of lieutenant Catharpin, made the signal for "crowding on all sail," and the crew giving three cheers, which were re-echoed by the dark hollows of the ocean, L'Agile spread out her white wings, and followed swiftly in the wake of her conqueror.

Night now settled upon the heaving ocean, and captain Spitfire, seeing no signs of the admiral, shaped his course for England. Three days after the action, the Boanerges, followed by her prize, passed the eddystone, and anchored in safety off Plymouth. The captain of the Boanerges reported himself to the port admiral, and then posted up to London, leaving Henry Staunton on the sick list. By return of post young Staunton received his commission as lieutenant in the British navy, with a leave of absence, and a handsome amount of prize money. Thus we leave our hero, to return to an earlier period of his life, to trace out the causes which led to such unforeseen, yet happy effects.

Henry Staunton was the only son of a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and having an austere father, and a weak and indulgent mother, he became as unfit for the realities of the world as one could expect under such circumstances. His follies—for he had many—constantly brought upon him the reproaches and punishments of his father, and in the same ratio, the attentions and gifts of his mother. Thus matters went on until the day of his mother's death. That day was a melancholy one for her hero; he shut himself up in his room, and for days refused to be comforted. At length he became more calm, and met his father at their lonely meals with a brow bent down with sorrow.

Mr. Staunton, like a true business man, forgot his loss as soon as he usually did the loss of a ship, or the decline of *Lacey* stock; and after numerous long and exciting conversations with his son, at last decided that he should become a merchant, and directed him to make up his mind to enter the counting house as soon as the fall business should commence. In the meantime, he gave him a check on his banker, with permission to spend the summer months at his country seat, in the interior of Connecticut.

It was a lovely and stately mansion, near one of the pleasantest villages in the blue law state, surrounded by orchards, gardens, and lawns, with a silver stream flowing at the foot of the little eminence upon which it stood. Its white-washed out houses, at a distance, gave it the appearance of a little village, and around it, the usages of a town of wealth had spread a richness and magnificence seldom seen in the interior of the country. Henry Staunton had by the will of his mother, inherited a handsome little fortune in the stocks and here, with sufficient to satisfy every want, and the total absence of quiet retirement, he had bright evidence of a brighter than the sun. Besides, he had fallen in love, and that, too, by

the merest accident. He had met, in his fishing excursions and lonely walks, Emma Lester, the daughter of the worthy clergyman of the parish, and being struck with her saint-like beauty and affectionate attention to her aged father, had called at the parsonage. After the first difficulty had been surmounted, viz: that breaking the ice, he became a constant visitor there. Often would these young and ardent beings wander forth by the gentle Willimantic, at the rosy hour of day, "And fondly whisper love."

Henry Staunton was now a happy man, and if he thought that he must at length leave those fairy scenes and the maiden he adored, to become the drudge of a warehouse, occasionally clouded his brow, the smile of Emma Lester chased it away as the sun chased away the phantoms of night. Matters went on thus until all the village knew that the young couple loved each other, and the old clergyman, at last discovering the same truth, called them before him and blessed them, and the next day was gathered unto his fathers, leaving Emma to the tender mercies of an uncle in New York who possessed vast wealth, great eccentricity, and as little regard for the feelings of the lovers as old Staunton himself.

Henry Staunton was now eighteen, "and love at that age is apt to burn strong and last long." After seeing the good old man to his long home he endeavored to cheer up his desponding Emma; but the shock to her feelings was so great that her uncle determined to remove to New York at once. A few days, and this determination came upon the ears of Henry Staunton, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. He had never thought of such a consequence, and altho' it came from the lips of Emma with a smile of hope that the separation would not last, but his own fears told him that it might be forever. He then told his gentle Emma of his father's sternness, and of the probability of his ever consenting to a union between them.

"And is this a fact, Henry Staunton?" said the weeping maiden, "and have you kept such a truth hidden from me so long? Henry, is it not generous, nay, it was unkind in the extreme—but no, I will not believe it; your father will relent and we shall be so happy in our rural bower.—Oh! what a dream I had last night—it was an omen of a bright and glorious career for you!"

At this moment the carriage of Ronald Lester drove up to the door of the parsonage, and interrupted the further conversation of the lovers.

"Henry Staunton," said the old man, after the introduction had been made, "I have heard of you; you have seduced the affection of this innocent and unsophisticated maiden, when you knew your father would never consent to your union with her. You have acted like a scoundrel sir; begone, and never let me see your face again."

Staunton endeavored to expostulate with him, with tear of sorrow in his eye, and the blush of indignation upon his cheek; Emma, weeping, pleaded for a moment's hearing; but it was all to no purpose—the old gentleman had made up his mind, and that was sufficient. In a few minutes Emma's little stock of books and wearing apparel was ready and her uncle, handing her to the carriage, took his seat beside her and ordered the coachman to drive off. Henry Staunton stood watching the carriage as it wound round the hill like one awakened from a dream, but no token of affection was left for him until the Lesters came to a sudden turn in the road, when a white pocket-handkerchief waved along the side of the carriage and fell upon the ground. Staunton sprang to the spot, and seized the treasure, it was marked with the name, and wet with the tears of Emma Lester.

"And am I doomed to disappointment?" said the youth in agony. At that moment a thought flashed upon his mind. "I will leave the country, said he, and forget that I am a Staunton."

In a few hours, he left his father's country seat and proceeded to New London, where he disposed of his mother's legacy, and took his departure, in a merchant's vessel, for England.

After a long passage, young Staunton entered the metropolis of England, & meeting with those who like the sucking fish, live by drawing the vitality from others, he soon lost a portion of his money. He then proceeded to Paris, and was left by the ancestors of Crookford, with exception of a sum sufficient to pay his passage to Lisbon.

Upon his arrival in Lisbon, he was disappointed in finding that his father's vessel which he saw by Lloyd's list was there, had sailed the day previous for Philadelphia. Thus left without money and without friends, his father's consignees refused to believe that he was the son of old Staunton, and the bells of Lisbon shook off a customer of such doubtful character. It was at this period that our tale commences.

It was evening, and the shrill whistle of a November's wind awoke the echoes of the silent city of New York, when a young English officer landed at the Battery from a packet that had just arrived from England. Two stout seamen took his baggage upon their shoulders, and followed him up Broadway until he reached a noble mansion, when he bade them halt. He then approached the door and rang the bell, which was immediately answered.

"Is Mr. Lester at home?" said the officer.

"Mr. Lester?" said the servant. "Mr. Lester does not live here. Mr. Lester has failed in business, and is imprisoned for debt."

"Great God! is it possible?" said the young man in insupportable agony. "But where is his place, Miss Emma? Surely she must be somewhere in the vicinity."

"The young man went to the city, and he was in the face of Staunton; for, it was he who had

thus returned, loaded with honors, to claim his first love.

"Take my baggage to the nearest hotel, and leave this card with the landlord," said Stanton to the seaman. Then, swift as a son tearing a reprieve for his condemned father, he sought that bolt upon the escutcheon of freedom—the poor debtor's prison.

Entering the jailer's apartment, he begged to have an interview with the Lesters, which was denied him.

"What is the amount of the execution upon which Mr. Lester is imprisoned?" asked Stanton, with a face teeming with the workings of a noble soul.

"Two thousand dollars?" said the jailer in a rough voice.

"Only two thousand dollars?" said Stanton; "then give me his discharge, for here is the money!"

The jailer was doubtful how to act in this case for some moments, but finally took the money, made out Roland Lester's discharge, and taking the key, unlocked a gloomy cell, and pointing down some mouldy, damp steps said—

"There they are; the doors are all open—they can leave as soon as they wish; and hark! young man, the sooner the better."

Henry Stanton took the offered discharge, and soon stood before the inmates of the prison.

"Henry—my own dear Henry!" screamed the maiden as she raised her eyes to note the cause of intrusion at such an hour and throwing herself into his arms, bathed his cheek with tears—

"Then turning said—Uncle, dear uncle, Henry Stanton has come to save us; look up and welcome him for through his instrumentality, our sorrows will soon be at an end."

"Young man," said old Lester, with a frown upon his brow, as he raised himself from his couch, where he had been confined by a fever of the brain since his entrance, "come you here to mock me in my hour of degradation and sorrow—because! Ronald Lester is in prison—in prison for debt—but he asks no aid from any one. No crime nor dissipation has brought him here. Accident and false partners alone have wrought the changes you behold; and a ruined man may as well die in prison as in the street."

Stanton sprang to his bedside, and grasping the merchant by the hand, said—"Lester, have I deserved this treatment from you? You know I left the country at your command, and now I come with wealth and honor to claim my own true love. I come not to mock at your troubles, but to end them. Here is your discharge—the doors are open—let us be gone!"

The aged merchant gazed steadily at the youth for a few minutes—his frown passed away—a smile played upon his countenance—he raised his head upon his hand.

"Henry Stanton," said he, "you have redeemed yourself—I have wronged you deeply; henceforth let your anger cease. Be kind to that dear girl, who like a ministering angel, has hovered around this gloomy prison, and smoothed the coarse and moistened folds of my dying couch. Then with a look of frenzy, he wildly screamed—

"Ha! I am free! the prison doors are open—Ronald Lester is not a criminal or the doomed companion of felons. Throw open yonder window wider. Ay, now I see the twinkling lamps—I hear the voices and the steps of busy men—I hear the laugh and the song—but let us to business. Send for a clergyman; I wish to make reparation for injury before I die."

A clergyman was soon found, and to the astonishment of both parties, was ordered to perform the marriage ceremony.

"Emma and Henry," said Lester, "kneel down before me—may God Almighty bless you my children. And now let us away—call my carriage—I must to Wall street, to meet my liabilities—send for my partner—no hope—ruined—lost—imprisoned—free! Ronald Lester is no longer a prisoner!" and turning his face to the wall, he expired without a groan.

The next day, the corpse of the ruined and broken-hearted merchant was laid with the dust of his fathers, and immediately afterwards, Henry Stanton and his weeping bride were on their way to Philadelphia. As they entered the city of brotherly love, they were stopped by a long funeral procession, moving to a distant burial place. Stanton enquired of one of the followers whose funeral it was.

"Old Stanton, the miser's," said the man in a rough voice, "and we are hired to mourn on the occasion."

"It is my father's corpse!" said Henry "Give place, for I am the chief mourner here!" and soon his traveling carriage was next the hearse.

The burial being over, the sorrow-stricken son and his weeping wife proceeded to the magnificent mansion of the Stantons, to brood in deep melancholy over their respective losses. But grief must have an end, and every thing else, and Stanton and his wife at length became calm enough to leave the reading of the will. The first part of Henry's will was striking; but by a reading of the very same day that Henry's will was read, the will was a model, and the whole of the Stanton property was made his own at his father's death, provided he should return to the United States within seven years after that event.

Henry Stanton continued to hold his commission in the navy of Britain, until the war of the revolution broke out, when he sided with his countrymen, and threw off the shackles imposed by royalty.

Years rolled on, and the Stantons became more powerful and wealthy than ever in the rising and beautiful city of Penn., and finally, when our hero and his partner retired from the busy stage of life, a numerous progeny was left to perpetuate the family name; but where they are now, God only knows. Upon opening the will the children were made acquainted, for the first time, with their father's former poverty and distress, but with all virtuous and honest men, they felt that they had cause to be grateful that once, in early life, Henry Stanton, on the quay of Lisbon, had been reduced to his last shilling.

Captain Spitfire became, in time, an admiral of the red, and died one day, at a public dinner in London, leaving behind him his virtues and his vices, for the satisfaction of his friends, and the tender mercies of his enemies. His last words were—"Board the chase?"

Gentle readers, my long yarn is at an end and

your task is over. Adieu; and remember never to be above an honorable employment, nor to spend your first or last shilling for "draught fresh drawn from hell," that stupefies the brain, and chains the immortal soul.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 13, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO LEFT SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; RETRENCHMENT; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Callaghan.*

"STUMP SYSTEM" vs. "CAUCUS SYSTEM." Our correspondent, "Plebeian," in the last Democrat condemns the Caucus System and the Plurality System of selecting candidates for office, and strives to convince the people that the "Stump System" is altogether preferable. All unite in calling the article of "Plebeian," a first rate one, and consider his reasons strong and philosophical. But, it seems to us, that the matter is not entirely settled, however cogent the reasoning, or how ever convincing the arguments in favor of the "Stump System." There is a radical defect in the premises of "Plebeian," a defect which, if not remedied, will consign the Stump System to as obscure a corner in the tomb of things lost, worthless, and impracticable, as ever system could be entitled to.

According to the theory of "Plebeian," it is proper to suppose that, in any given case, as many persons of each party would take the stump as considered themselves qualified for office. A half dozen of each party would in this manner put themselves up for office, and canvass the District of their constituents twice or three times to convince the people of their fitness for office. When election day comes, each one of these candidates would have his favorites, and receive votes accordingly; and the way men would scatter would be worse than at the last elections.

"Plebeian," without looking at this result, makes all fair weather, by blinding himself to so natural a consequence. He supposes that on the adoption of the Stump System, office seeking, by wholesale, will suddenly die a natural death, and only a single candidate of each party will be voted for by the people. But this is supposing an impossibility. The defect therefore in this "System," as propounded by "Plebeian," has all the solid arguments against it which can be brought against either of the other systems. In fine, it would not concentrate, but distract public opinion.

The truth is, we need something like the Caucus System, or like the system proposed in the Democrat some weeks since, even if we were to adopt to some extent the Stumping business, in order that a single individual might be selected. To suppose that a single individual of each party would take the "Stump," in a Congressional District, and secure the entire approbation of the public, while all others remained silent, inactive, and contented, is to suppose that the ordinary course and constitution of things would change. It is preposterous. No man need ever expect to realize such an era. We do not intend this as an answer to "Plebeian," for we leave that to able hands. We should be glad to hear from him again, and others who are interested in this important matter.

It is a fact worthy of consideration that about 5000 young females and women leave this State for the want of productive employment. This number it is estimated have gone from this State to Massachusetts and other States during the past year. If this be owing to any cause which can be remedied by Legislation or otherwise, it should be immediately searched out and removed. On an average, it is estimated that each of these young persons pay \$7.00 to go to the factories. Here is the sum of \$35,000 paid to get to their employ. They come to their homes generally once a year, which would double this sum, making an aggregate of \$70,000, merely for travelling expenses. If each female were to earn \$2.50 per week, one half of which would be spent for board and clothing, it would amount in net profits to about \$130 per annum, which makes the aggregate earnings of 5000 girls a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This sum is not brought home, but nearly all of it is spent, or invested in Savings Banks or other institutions in Mass.

This is not all. The earnings of the young men who go from this State to Massachusetts, is even greater than the females. If these calculations are correct from five to ten hundred thousand dollars of business, labor and capital are carried out of this State every year. It is time that our people looked to this subject. It is one of vast importance. It concerns the wealth and happiness of our whole State. Political parties, instead of vying with each other to see which can call the hardest names, or instead of quarrelling among themselves, should turn their attention to the sober realities of Political Economy. How to employ the labour and capital of the State to the best possible use, and advantage, ought to be the study, the never ceasing study of the politician, and his services should be valued in proportion as he excels in this knowledge, and his capacity to apply it.

Millerism.—It is stated in the Report of the Utica, N. Y. Hospital for the Insane, that seven persons were entered in consequence of Millerism. We should think this, and various other cases of the same kind, would warn those who are engaged in the propagation of Miller's opinions to be more cool—less zealous, and less extravagant (not to say, less fanatical) in their manner of spreading his tenets. The 21st of next month will put a period to their doctrine. Within that time, according to Miller, the world will pass away, and the Bible prove itself true; or it will continue as usual, and the Bible will be false. Nonsense.

Cass Meeting.—Gen. Cass' friends met at the State House, Augusta, last week according to previous notice, but the meeting was not numerously attended. The proceedings have not been published. The General's friends are said to be numerous about Augusta, but as it is considered certain that Mr. Van Buren will be nominated, they think it wise to make any popular demonstration in favor of Cass.

Not certain.—Mr. Clay's nomination to the Presidency is not certain. He may be thrown off the Presidential line in '44, as he was in '40. Some of the great men in his interest before the Harrisburg Convention, turned against him on that eventful day, and he was rejected. It is shrewdly suspected that the Editors of the Evening Journal and Tribune, N. Y., will serve him as other great men did in '40. They will only support him, hurrah for him, and laud him till Convention day, then, abandon him all "shaven and shorn." They only pretend to support him to keep up appearances, and show a united front. So says a contemporary.

For ourself, we think Mr. Clay will be nominated. The right arm of Whiggery will be paralyzed if he is not. Mr. Clay and all his strong admirers would leave the Whig party if he were to be rejected. Not only so, he would probably be run as a candidate if another were nominated. Mr. Clay knows better than to trust his claims to a Convention unless he is sure it will contain a majority of his friends. The Whig National Convention, if they have one, will be solely for the purpose of making things look right before the people, and satisfying them that Clay possesses unbounded popularity. The great wire pullers of that Convention will go to it and partake in it ostensibly for the purpose of agreeing upon the best man; but merely for the purpose of quieting a host who are opposed to Clay's election. But, however this may be, there is one fact of which we may feel certain, and that is, that Mr. Henry Clay will be a candidate for the next Presidency whether nominated or not, and whether the Evening Journal and Tribune are sincerely for or against him.

Make your sleighs so as to form a double track. Read the following and see what we lose by the present construction.

For the Age. I noticed in the last Age, over the signature of Oxford, an account of the contemplated improvements in the road from Kennebec to Colebrook, N. H.

If the State should see fit to make an appropriation for that object, I have no objection, as it would give my friends in the upper part of New Hampshire and Vermont a nearer road to Portland.

My only object in writing this is to caution my friends in Kennebec from giving money for that object, with the expectation of getting the trade from that part of the country.

If all the trade from Colebrook and vicinity could be secured to Kennebec, it would be very small compared with the anticipations of many. But it will be impossible to get their trade so long as we draw our single sleighs in such a manner as to make but one path. Last winter, eight or ten double sleighs loaded with pork, butter, cheese, &c., started from the upper part of New Hampshire for Augusta. They prosecuted their journey to Canton, and then turned off to Portland, cursing our single roads.

FRANKLIN.

February 19, 1843.

Great Freshet in Alabama.—The Warrior, Nuxbee and Bibbee Rivers in this State are deluged with water and their banks overflowed. The face of the country is but one vast sheet of water. Cotton, unpicked and in bale, was seen floating in every direction. "The loss is immense. The Etowah Whig (Ala.) says, 'that never since Noah's flood have we had anything like so much rain as we have had for the last two months, and we are unable to say when it will stop.' We are looking every day for Steam boats to pass through our town! All that it is necessary to let them pass through the country any where is to clear away the undergrowth."

Credit of the State.—In accordance with a law recently passed by the Legislature, the Treasurer is purchasing the State Scrip at a premium or advance of 2 1/2 per cent. The law requires that the Treasurer shall purchase it to the best advantage, yet he is not able to purchase State Scrip for less, though it has only about a year to run. There is not probably a State in the Union whose Scrip commands such an advance.

The article from the Augusta Age, which we publish to-day, in relation to the obstructions thrown in the way by the Whigs to the progress of Legislation, is a real scorcher, and disturbs their equanimity to an unusual extent. The coat fitted exactly, and they are wise enough to put it on, but the manner in which they wear it shows that it is full of spikes and other pointed instruments.

Cure for Bots.—A farmer in this town informs us that for several years he has used the following simple remedy for the cure of Bots and worms in horses, and has never known it fail. Take about one half bushel of frozen potatoes, thaw them gradually before the fire or in the sun, and then give them to the horse. They produce a relaxation of the bowels and bring away the bots and worms without injury to the horse. Can any one inform us why potatoes not frozen will not answer the same purpose?

Struck with Consumption.—A certain Democratic paper which came to us in the form of a half sheet last week. It was blacker than common and dim withal. We hope its exit, if it must come, will be peaceful and glorious, like the prospects of the cause it supports.

General Ticket.—The committee on Elections, in Congress, have reported that those members chosen by general Ticket in New Hampshire and other States are entitled to seats.

Miles Oleott of N. H. was one of the "Democratic Whigs" who signed a letter requesting Mr. Webster to stand for the Presidency. He was a member of the Hartford Convention.

If it would not be uncourtous, we should like to ask the Editor of the Age, or "J." Reporter of the American, who they mean when they speak of Allen from Oxford.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

In Senate—Saturday, Feb. 17. A Bill was passed to be engrossed to incorporate the Upper Stillwater Bridge Company; likewise a Bill repealing the Waterville Iron Manufacturing Company.

House.—Passed to be engrossed, Resolves for the abatement of tax on certain State lands.

Finally passed—Resolve in favor of Passamaquoddy Indians—in favor of Penobscot Indians—to repair the Fish River Road.

Discussed the Resolves providing for Electors. No action had thereon. The Resolves adopt the General Ticket system. The Democrats as a general thing favor the Resolves, the Whigs oppose them.

In Senate—Monday, Feb. 19. Passed to be enacted—Bill authorizing the surrender of the Charter of the Portland Stage Company. Bill to incorporate the Waldo Mineral Spring Company was indefinitely postponed.

The Joint Committee on the reception of any money now lying in the U. S. Treasury, to the credit of this State, have reported that the Distribution money be not received.

House.—The following petition was presented by Mr. Paine, of Bangor, from two of his constituents.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled:

Whereas, it is generally believed that Ardent Spirits is a commodity of merchandise, and whereas it is used to some considerable extent in Mechanics, and as a medicine, both externally and internally, by the temperate as well as the intemperate, the poor as well as the rich.—We pray that your Honorable Body may see the propriety of having it go to the consumer unshackled like as other merchandise.—That there should be no license for the sale of it, and more especially that no license be necessary to be obtained by the vendor of it; for your petitioners cannot see the propriety of licensing the sale of Alcoholic poisons, while other poisons are allowed to be sold without such license: And now since King Alcohol has so many times been tried, and condemned, and executed, we hope it may appear apparent that a license for the sale of his dead body is entirely useless, and that it is ungenerous to tax the dead for the support of the living.

C. B. ROBBINS, SILAS PATTEN,

Report of committee on the Judiciary declaring that Bill entitled an Act relating to Sheriff's ought not to pass, was taken up. The Report was accepted and the Bill refused a passage—Yeas, 79, Nays, 24. This probably ends the matter in relation to Sheriffs.

In Senate—Tuesday, Feb. 20. Passed to be engrossed—Bill to repeal an act relating to appeals from the Court of County Commissioners—and certain Resolves in relation to the appointment of Commissioners to locate grants and determine the extent of post-cessory claims under the Treaty with Great Britain.

In House.—Mr. Bradbury, of Kennebec, moved that Committee on the new Valuation be discharged, and the subject referred to the next Legislature. This caused considerable debate. The motion was finally laid on the table—77 to 34.

The House recommitted the Report on Job Printing by a vote of 75 to 50. Mr. Jarvis declined and utterly refused to set on that committee for reasons which he mentioned. Three gentlemen were then appointed in succession by the Speaker who declined. Finally Mr. Duxton, of North Yarmouth, was appointed and accepted.

In Senate—Wednesday, Feb. 21. Sheriff Bill laid on the table. An Order was introduced enquiring into the expediency of authorizing Roman Catholic Priests located among the French settlements of Madawaska to publish intentions of marriage according to the usages of Roman Catholic communities.

House.—Resolves in relation to a reduction of postage were laid on the table. 500 copies of the Land Distribution Report were ordered to be printed. Bill in relation to the Bath and Portland Rail Road was laid on the table, and the House adjourned.

In Senate—Thursday, Feb. 22. Mr. Strickland made Report on State Prison. Mr. Sawtelle from committee appointed to see when the Legislature may take a recess, Reported that if the Valuation were referred to the next Legislature the present session might close on the 4th of March. A long debate ensued on this Report, some thinking that a recess might be sooner, some later, and some thinking that all the business properly coming before this Legislature ought to be disposed of, whether it takes a long or a short time. Report laid on the table till to-morrow.

House.—Portland and Bath Rail Road Bill was taken up and several amendments offered. It was finally passed to be engrossed, 69 to 60.

In Senate—Friday, Feb. 23. Mr. Sawtelle moved to take up the Report in relation to the adjournment of the Legislature. A debate ensued which occupied some time. The Report still lies on the table, however, and will probably continue there; and the Valuation Committee will continue their labors till they have completed their Report. It would be mere chivalry to go as far as the Legislature now has and then dismiss the Valuation and refer it to the next Legislature. We do not believe in the necessity of its taking up so much time. Portland and Bath Rail Road Bill passed to be engrossed, 19 to 5.

House.—Some discussion occurred on the Fish Bill, Bill for the speedy economical administration of justice, summer sessions, &c.

Capital Punishment.—A Bill is before the Pennsylvania Legislature abolishing Capital Punishment. There is strong probability that it will pass and become the law of that State.

The Oxford Music Association give a Concert at Rumford on Thursday next at two o'clock P. M.

FATAL DUEL.—An affair of honor came off in the vicinity of Washington on the 16th inst., between Julian May, a son of Dr. May, of Washington, and Joseph Cochrane. Weapons, rifles; distance, 30 paces. Cochrane fell dead at the first shot. The quarrel originated at a ball room on the same morning. Barbarous practice!—murder on sight! N. E. Democrat.

The federalists in the House have been artful enough, in misconstrue and pervert an article in the Three-Weekly Age of Tuesday, into an attack upon that body, instead of a just condemnation of their own factious course, as it really was.

We repeat again, that if the "reckless" minority of the House persevere in their conspiracy to stave off an adjournment by senseless clamor and senseless debates, a remedy exists in the other branches of the government, and ought to be applied.

Our democratic friends in the House cannot arrest the factiousists in that body. Under the operation of parliamentary rules, the minority can delay and impede the progress of public business, in spite of every effort on the part of those who are held responsible by the people. If this state of things continues to exist, what possible remedy is there but the conservative power of the Senate and Governor?

A few federal orators do not make up the House, by any manner of means. The democracy of the House, make up its majority, and they are on this question in harmony with the Senate, all the false issues of federal cunning to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The conduct of the federal leaders on the floor of the House, has been disgraceful and unparalleled. No threats shall deter us from exposing and denouncing them. They have wasted time with idle propositions, and idler debates. They have done this as a matter of system and of concert. Every body knows it. Nobody knows it better than they do themselves. If they persist in this notorious "mischief"; if the democratic majority cannot carry on the public business "in the face of the unparalleled obstructions interposed by a reckless faction"; remedies fortunately exist. The firmness to apply them, also exists. Undoubtedly these factiousists are greatly offended at the mention of such remedies. We are neither sorry for it, or able to help it. The Constitution of the State was made by the people, and will be enforced by their servants, let a desperate minority clamor as it may. Federalism always clamors when it cannot rule.—Age.

CHEAP WOOL.

Wool is so cheap under the new tariff, that the farmers in Wayne county are cutting the throats of their flocks. The Cayuga Tocsin, a paper which discusses the tariff question intelligently, says:

"How or in what manner the present tariff operates beneficially to the wool-grower, the farmers of this country would be glad to know. It is true, that article brings more in the market than it formerly did, but even now it does not pay for the labor and expense of its production. In our section of the State, thousands of sheep have been butchered, for the sole reason that wool-growing has been clearly demonstrated to be a profitless and losing business. Whig logic may find some method of explaining this iniquitous effect of the new tariff, but we acknowledge ourselves wholly unequal to the task."

Now, if we take the doctrine of the protectionists to be true, this cheapness should have been caused by a high duty on imported wool—for taxation, they say, is a sovereign cheaper of all commodities.

But, if we look into the new tariff, we find that all cheap wools pay a duty of only five per cent. The farmer pays more than a hundred and fifty per cent, upon his box chain, and a duty about as high upon fabrics with which his family is clothed, while his own wool has the advantage of the "municipal incidental protection of five per cent. imposed by the kind attention of his friends, the manufacturers, and their friends in Congress."

The South American wools are brought so cheap in the country where they are produced, and come to us in so dirty a state, that although they are really of a fair quality, their value does not exceed seven cents a pound; and wools of this description are charged with the mere nominal duty of five per cent. The manufacturer purchases this foreign wool, and the Wayne county farmer brings sheep to the knife.

A fair tariff, such a one as the friends of free trade would make, would impose a duty of twenty per cent. upon wools of all descriptions.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY.—In the Hartford Times we find the following extract of a letter from New Orleans viz: "I attended church on Sunday morning last, but a service was so interrupted by the beating of drums and the shouts of the multitude without that the clergyman, (the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, of your city,) was compelled to dismiss the congregation. On reaching the street, it became evident that some musical excitement prevailed among the multitude, and on searching for the cause, I soon discovered the Hon Henry Clay."

REMARKS.—This is the candidate for the religious community! His worshippers with "drums and shouts" put a stop to the worship of the Living God! Yet how many preachers of the gospel and professors of Christianity support him with a zeal and devotion they never exhibit or feel for the God to whom they look for salvation!—*Kendall's Expresser.*

The expression of public opinion in favor of an early adjournment of the Legislature, is uniform, decided and urgent, from all quarters. It seems to be agreed, that the now manifest conspiracy of the federal leaders in the House, to protract the session, justifies and calls for the most energetic measures. There may be no means of expediting the public business in that branch of the government, in the face of unparalleled obstruction interposed by a reckless faction but remedies exist in the hitherto unexercised power of other branches. The application of those remedies, will not be a matter of doubtful policy, unless there is an immediate abatement of the mischief complained of.—Age.

James C. Madison, Esq., Assistant Clerk of the House, has been appointed by the Governor or Council, Superintendent of Education, under the Resolve passed by the Legislature, in relation to the Education of youth in the Massachusetts settlements. Mr. Madison, we understand, will immediately enter upon the duties of his office.—Age.

From Noah's Weekly Messenger.
THE WORLD.—Sir, bring me a good, plain dinner, said a melancholy-looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.
"Yes, sir."
The dinner was brought and devoured, and the waiter called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him—
"You are the landlord?"
"Yes."
"You do a good business here?"
"Yes, (in astonishment.)"
"You make probably ten dollars a day, clear?"
"Yes."
"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months; but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food four-and-twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."
"I cannot pay my bills with such promises, blustered the landlord, and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."
"I have nothing."
"I will take your coat."
"If I go into the streets without that I will get my death, such weather as it is."
"You should have thought of that before you came here."
"You are serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you."
"I will take the coat."
The coat was left, and a week afterwards redeemed.
Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered at caucus as an applicant for a Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his peace—he heard the name and the history of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was chairman. The vote was a tie and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said—
"You don't remember me?"
"No."
"I once ate a dinner in your hotel, and altho' I told you I was famishing and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air, the risk of my life, without it."
"Well, what then?"
"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To night, you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."
Three years after, the Christian hotel-keeper became bankrupt and sought a home at Bellevue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. We know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.
WANT OF FAITH.—The defect of our times is a want of faith. We live in an age of reality—present, palpable reality. Every thing is to be paid for upon demand, every thing is to be accounted for and answered by return of post. The golden currency of enthusiasm has been called in. There is no reverence for any features of truth behind the veil. Our temper resembles that of the pundit who inquired of Henry Martyn whether, by embracing the Christian religion, he should behold the Deity in a visible shape. This eagerness to perceive every object, without delay and impediment, is a characteristic of minds which have not been accustomed to gaze at the luminary of truth, and might be rebuked by a Hebrew legend which we have read. "You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is every where, and boast that He resides among your nation. I should like to see Him." "God's presence is, indeed, every where," the Rabbi replied; "but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon His splendor." The Emperor had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. "Well," answered the Rabbi, "suppose that we begin by endeavouring to gaze at one of His ambassadors." Trajan assented, and the Rabbi leading him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day; bade him raise his eyes to the sun then shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it. "I cannot," he said, "the light dazzles me." "If, then," rejoined the triumphant Rabbi, "thou art unable to endure the light of one of his creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator? It is a beautiful and touching parable, and teaches humility not only in religion, but in literature and in life."
PREJUDICE.
All men are apt to have a high conceit of their own understanding, to be tenacious of the opinions they profess, and yet almost all men are guided by the understandings of others, not their own; and may be said more truly to adopt than to heget their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all that universal pedagogue, custom, fill the mind with notions which it has no share in framing, which it receives as passively as it receives the impressions of outward objects, and which left to itself, it would never have framed, perhaps, or would have examined afterwards. Thus, prejudices are established by education, and habits by custom. We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves; and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised, or exercised in such notions as consist in notions, and direct its pace, till that which was artificial becomes in some sort natural; and the mind can go no further. It may sound odd, but it is true in many cases to say that if man had learned less, their way to knowledge would be

shorter and easier. It is, in deed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge, than from error. They who are in the last condition must unlearn, before they can learn to any good purpose, and the first part of this double task is not, in many respects, the least difficult, for which reason it is seldom undertaken.
LIFE.—We have known some persons in the world who, gliding quietly through life, have floated on upon the stream of time, like a boat on the waters of a broad and tranquil river, carried on by the untroubled tide of prosperity, and lighted to their journey's end by the cloudless sun of happiness. And we have met with others whose star seemed to rise in clouds, to hold its course through storms, and to set in blacker than that which gave it birth. But long continued joy loses its first zest, and uninterrupted sorrow its first poignancy; habit robs even misery of its acuteness; and one that is long endured, brings along with it the power of longer endurance. It is the sudden transition from joy to sorrow that is the acme of human suffering, adding the bitterness of regret for past enjoyment to all the pangs of present distress.
WOMEN.—Perhaps a more just or beautiful compliment was never paid to woman than the following from Judge Story:—
"To the honor, the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering seems victorious over death itself."
THE RIVAL FRIGATES.—The American frigate Brandywine arrived at Bombay a few days before the departure of the steamers with the Indian mail, and very great attention was paid to the commodore and the officers by all parties, naval, military, and civilian. The officers of the Indian were about to give them a dinner, all quite right and proper, and the best understanding existed among all hands. In the mean time, however, an unlucky contretemps among the middies was likely to disturb much of the cordiality. A party of the Brandywine's mates and middies went into an hotel, where they fell in with some of those of the Indian navy. Hearty greetings were exchanged, cigars and accompaniments were in great requisition, and all for some time went as pleasantly as a homeward bound ship with a flowing sheet. At length, however, the delicate subjects—merits of the ships, of the governments, &c., of the two nations, were broached and discussed, of course, with all the delicacy, tact, forbearance, and temper of midshipmen. There are no persons in existence who have such an exalted opinion of their naval prowess as the Yankees generally, and Yankee midshipmen in particular. When the United States frigate Independence was at Portsmouth, her "reefers" calculated that their frigate would sink the line of battle ship lying close to them, right slick at her anchors in ten minutes. The ship alluded to was the Princess Charlotte, a three decker, with 110 guns! In the present instance, the Yankee midshipman Brandywine could find no possible English frigate. The John Bulls entertained a slight difference of opinion, and thought that, if the Warship, vindicate, or any similar English frigate were along side of the Brandywine, she would leave her in such a state of "indebtedness" as would preclude her from carrying the "S. S." collar. These differences continued to increase till they were wound up by the Yankee declaration that the Britishers were humbugs, their government a humbug, and the Queen "a—", making use of an expression applicable only to the canine species. One of the English midshipmen said, "he could stand that no longer," and up to the Yankee and desired him to retract his insult to the Queen, and, upon his refusal, immediately let fly and gave him a broadside, which drove out two or three of the chief ornaments of the figurehead, so requisite for the proper mastication of salt junk, weevily biscuit and other marine luxuries. A regular row, of course, ensued—tables and chairs were made to perform the usual spirited evolutions, and all the elegant confusion of a midshipman's shindy prevailed. A neutral power, except the police, was appealed to, which bore down upon the belligerents, and after great difficulty succeeded in putting an end to the engagement—not, however, before the Brandywines had been driven out, with the exception of the delinquent Yankee, who was compelled by the conquerors, though after much demur, to acknowledge the insult offered to our Sovereign Lady.
(London Standard.)
The Lowell Courier states that more than two hundred thousand dollars are deposited in the Savings Bank by the female operatives of that city, & that sixty thousand dollars of the Capital Stock of the Middlesex Mills in Lowell, are owned by operatives who work in the establishment. This is true, to a certain extent, of operatives in the Merrimack & other Mills.—The average earnings per week by the female operatives during the past year, exclusive of board, is one dollar and seventy five cts.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.—On Wednesday, the 23d of November, the Neapolitan steamer Francesco Primo arrived at Malta from Naples. She brings some interesting details of an eruption at Mount Etna, and of the damage caused by the lava. Several of the nobleman's seats have been burned to the ground some vineyards have been destroyed, and among the heaviest losses is that of a paper manufactory of immense size and notoriety. We have heard of no loss of life, as sufficient time seems to have been given to the people to escape the awful catastrophe. Catania has fortunately escaped, as the lava, before reaching the town of Breni (of Nelson's notoriety), took a northerly direction. The road between Catania and Palermo is rendered impassable to some distance, from the stratum of burning lava thereon deposited.
The Bangor Gazette says—a man was driven into a tree in some part of Aroostook county a short time since, by a pack of wolves, and there kept by them during the night. When the morning came, the animals decamped, but the man had his hands and feet so badly frozen that it feared he will lose the use of them.
A wolf peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, "Lord!" said he, "what a clamor would these men have raised had they caught me at such a banquet."
The complete and cordial re-union of the democracy of Virginia, puts a new face on the aspect of the Presidential election. It not only insures Virginia for Mr. Van Buren, but the great body of the South. Whig stock has fallen fifty per cent, within ten days.
A duel took place in this city on Wednesday evening last, between two French gentlemen of this city. Weapons, pistols—distance, ten paces—injury, one coat tail badly lacerated. (N. Orleans Herald.)
GREAT BARGAINS!
FRANCIS BLAKE,
(SUCCESSOR TO G. & F. BLAKE)
HAS just received from New York and Boston, a splendid and desirable Stock of new and fashionable FALL and WINTER GOODS, Foreign and Domestic; which he now offers at wholesale or retail to the former patrons of G. & F. Blake, and the public generally, at prices as low as Goods of the same quality, can be purchased in the country, State, or United States. Among which are the following:
BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES
SATINETTS, VESTINGS,
All kinds of COTTON AND WOOLEN GOODS.
Prints, Copperplates,
SILKS, CLOAK CLOTHS,
In great variety.
CARPETS, RUGS, FEATHERS,
Rich and cheap SHAWLS, Linens, Damasks, Hosiery, Gloves, Rich Ribbons and Linings.
Paper Hangings, School Books,
of every description.
STATIONERY
of all kinds.
Hats, Caps, & Furs.
CROCKERY, GLASS, & CHINA WARE.
And every kind of Furnishing Goods.
GROCERIES, HARD & HOLLOW WARE
Iron and Steel, Nails, Glass, Lime, Fish, Salt, Flour, and Grindstones.
DYE STUFFS, PAINTS, MEDICINES, &c.
Of Pleaso call and examine.
Harrison, Nov. 21.
BLACK-SMITHING.
The subscriber, having located himself on Paris Hill, (near the shop formerly occupied by J. R. Merrill), is prepared to manufacture all kinds of work in the neatest and best manner.
ELECTRIC SPRING,
Carriage Work
of all kinds.
AXES, HOOKS, MANURE-FORKS,
PITCH-FORKS, CHAINS, GISELS,
PLANT-IRONS
and all kinds of edge tools made to order and at short notice.
Horse Shoring in the best manner for 50 cts. (1/2) Shoring Do. \$1.50.
All of which will be WARRANTEED.
JOHN COOPER, Jr.,
Paris Hill, Nov. 21, 1843.
At a Court of Probate held at Watford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.
ON the Petition of the Widow of William Noble, late of said Watford, deceased, praying for an allowance on the personal estate of said deceased.
It was Ordered, That the said WIDOW give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said estate should not be granted.
GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
At a Court of Probate held at Watford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.
ON the Petition of the Widow of William Noble, late of said Watford, deceased, praying for an allowance on the personal estate of said deceased.
It was Ordered, That the said WIDOW give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said estate should not be granted.
GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.
Gideon Cushman, Jr., named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Lewis Packard, late of Helion, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate.
It was Ordered, That the said Gideon Cushman, Jr. give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.
GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.
WHEREAS DAVID P. STOWELL, of Paris in the County of Oxford, do hereby give notice to the subscriber, by his deed of the 13th day of November, A. D. 1842, conveyed to me, the subscriber, by his deed of mortgage of that date three certain pieces of parcels of land situated in said Paris and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 65—Page 26, to secure the payment of a certain note of hand; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage is broken, I give this notice to foreclose the same, agreeable to the Statute in such case made and provided.
SIMEON CUMMINGS.
Paris February 10th, 1844.
NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.
NOTICE is hereby given that Barnabas Brackett, of the County of Oxford, do hereby give notice to the subscriber, on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1842, by deed of mortgage, a certain parcel of land and the buildings thereon, situated on Moose Brook in said County of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Book 22, page 22, conveyed to me, the subscriber, by his deed of mortgage of that date three certain pieces of parcels of land situated in said Paris and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 65—Page 26, to secure the payment of a certain note of hand; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage is broken, I give this notice to foreclose the same, agreeable to the Statute in such case made and provided.
JOSHUA B. OSGOOD.
Portland, Feb. 7, 1844.
NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.
WHEREAS, ZACHARIAH McCLINTOCK, by his deed, duly executed on the fifteenth day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Western part of Oxford County, Book 21, Pages 2-4 & 2-5, conveyed by mortgage to St. John Smith and John B. Brown certain real estate, consisting of six parcels of lots of land situated in the town of Usher, County of Oxford, and particularly described in said mortgage.
The condition of said mortgage being broken, I hereby give notice to the subscriber, by his deed of mortgage of that date three certain pieces of parcels of land situated in said Paris and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 65—Page 26, to secure the payment of a certain note of hand; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage is broken, I give this notice to foreclose the same, agreeable to the Statute in such case made and provided.
S. J. SMITH, J. B. BROWN.
January 30th, 1844.
TREASURERS NOTICE.—NAMES.
NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors and owners of land and other real estate in the town of Newry, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the Collector, George C. Chapman for the year 1842, now certified to me that the same amount in the said County to him to collect by the Assessors of said town of Newry and the following amounts unpaid, viz—
Name of non-resident and description of non-resident lands. Amount. No. of Lots. Value. No. of Acres. Amount of Tax.
Barnes, formerly owned by Sarah Bateswick, now supposed to belong to Theophilus Barnes of Philadelphia; said land taxable after deduction of public lands and lands otherwise taxed; said land lying in the North-east corner of Newry. 70 70 70 10 70
Orange C. Frost, Truckey. 4 4 100 40 40
Jacob Jackson, G. Gurney. 5 5 100 50 50
Land taken from an Ancient West Surveys and annexed by Newry by an Act of the Legislature. Owners unknown. 10 1 100 10 12
2 2 100 20 12
3 3 100 30 12
4 4 100 40 12
5 5 100 50 12
6 6 100 60 12
7 7 100 70 12
8 8 100 80 12
9 9 100 90 12
10 10 100 100 12
11 11 100 110 12
12 12 100 120 12
13 13 100 130 12
14 14 100 140 12
15 15 100 150 12
16 16 100 160 12
17 17 100 170 12
18 18 100 180 12
19 19 100 190 12
20 20 100 200 12
21 21 100 210 12
22 22 100 220 12
23 23 100 230 12
24 24 100 240 12
25 25 100 250 12
26 26 100 260 12
27 27 100 270 12
28 28 100 280 12
29 29 100 290 12
30 30 100 300 12
31 31 100 310 12
32 32 100 320 12
33 33 100 330 12
34 34 100 340 12
35 35 100 350 12
36 36 100 360 12
37 37 100 370 12
38 38 100 380 12
39 39 100 390 12
40 40 100 400 12
41 41 100 410 12
42 42 100 420 12
43 43 100 430 12
44 44 100 440 12
45 45 100 450 12
46 46 100 460 12
47 47 100 470 12
48 48 100 480 12
49 49 100 490 12
50 50 100 500 12
51 51 100 510 12
52 52 100 520 12
53 53 100 530 12
54 54 100 540 12
55 55 100 550 12
56 56 100 560 12
57 57 100 570 12
58 58 100 580 12
59 59 100 590 12
60 60 100 600 12
61 61 100 610 12
62 62 100 620 12
63 63 100 630 12
64 64 100 640 12
65 65 100 650 12
66 66 100 660 12
67 67 100 670 12
68 68 100 680 12
69 69 100 690 12
70 70 100 700 12
71 71 100 710 12
72 72 100 720 12
73 73 100 730 12
74 74 100 740 12
75 75 100 750 12
76 76 100 760 12
77 77 100 770 12
78 78 100 780 12
79 79 100 790 12
80 80 100 800 12
81 81 100 810 12
82 82 100 820 12
83 83 100 830 12
84 84 100 840 12
85 85 100 850 12
86 86 100 860 12
87 87 100 870 12
88 88 100 880 12
89 89 100 890 12
90 90 100 900 12
91 91 100 910 12
92 92 100 920 12
93 93 100 930 12
94 94 100 940 12
95 95 100 950 12
96 96 100 960 12
97 97 100 970 12
98 98 100 980 12
99 99 100 990 12
100 100 100 1000 12
101 101 100 1010 12
102 102 100 1020 12
103 103 100 1030 12
104 104 100 1040 12
105 105 100 1050 12
106 106 100 1060 12
107 107 100 1070 12
108 108 100 1080 12
109 109 100 1090 12
110 110 100 1100 12
111 111 100 1110 12
112 112 100 1120 12
113 113 100 1130 12
114 114 100 1140 12
115 115 100 1150 12
116 116 100 1160 12
117 117 100 1170 12
118 118 100 1180 12
119 119 100 1190 12
120 120 100 1200 12
121 121 100 1210 12
122 122 100 1220 12
123 123 100 1230 12
124 124 100 1240 12
125 125 100 1250 12
126 126 100 1260 12
127 127 100 1270 12
128 128 100 1280 12
129 129 100 1290 12
130 130 100 1300 12
131 131 100 1310 12
132 132 100 1320 12
133 133 100 1330 12
134 134 100 1340 12
135 135 100 1350 12
136 136 100 1360 12
137 137 100 1370 12
138 138 100 1380 12
139 139 100 1390 12
140 140 100 1400 12
141 141 100 1410 12
142 142 100 1420 12
143 143 100 1430 12
144 144 100 1440 12
145 145 100 1450 12
146 146 100 1460 12
147 147 100 1470 12
148 148 100 1480 12
149 149 100 1490 12
150 150 100 1500 12
151 151 100 1510 12
152 152 100 1520 12
153 153 100 1530 12
154 154 100 1540 12
155 155 100 1550 12
156 156 100 1560 12
157 157 100 1570 12
158 158 100 1580 12
159 159 100 1590 12
160 160 100 1600 12
161 161 100 1610 12
162 162 100 1620 12
163 163 100 1630 12
164 164 100 1640 12
165 165 100 1650 12
166 166 100 1660 12
167 167 100 1670 12
168 168 100 1680 12
169 169 100 1690 12
170 170 100 1700 12
171 171 100 1710 12
172 172 100 1720 12
173 173 100 1730 12
174 174 100 1740 12
175 175 100 1750 12
176 176 100 1760 12
177 177 100 1770 12
178 178 100 1780 12
179 179 100 1790 12
180 180 100 1800 12
181 181 100 1810 12
182 182 100 1820 12
183 183 100 1830 12
184 184 100 1840 12
185 185 100 1850 12
186 186 100 1860 12
187 187 100 1870 12
188 188 100 1880 12
189 189 100 1890 12
190 190 100 1900 12
191 191 100 1910 12
192 192 100 1920 12
193 193 100 1930 12
194 194 100 1940 12
195 195 100 1950 12
196 196 100 1960 12
197 197 100 1970 12
198 198 100 1980 12
199 199 100 1990 12
200 200 100 2000 12
201 201 100 2010 12
202 202 100 2020 12
203 203 100 2030 12
204 204 100 2040 12
205 205 100 2050 12
206 206 100 2060 12
207 207 100 2070 12
208 208 100 2080 12
209 209 100 2090 12
210 210 100 2100 12
211 211 100 2110 12
212 212 100 2120 12
213 213 100 2130 12
214 214 100 2140 12
215 215 100 2150 12
216 216 100 2160 12
217 217 100 2170 12
218 218 100 2180 12
219 219 100 2190 12
220 220 100 2200 12
221 221 100 2210 12
222 222 100 2220 12
223 223 100 2230 12
224 224 100 2240 12
225 225 100 2250 12
226 226 100 2260 12
227 227 100 2270 12
228 228 100 2280 12
229 229 100 2290 12
230 230 100 2300 12
231 231 100 2310 12
232 232 100 2320 12
233 233 100 2330 12
234 234 100 2340 12
235 235 100 2350 12
236 236 100 2360 12
237 237 100 2370 12
238 238 100 2380 12
239 239 100 2390 12
240 240 100 2400 12
241 241 100 2410 12
242 242 100 2420 12
243 243 100 2430 12
244 244 100 2440 12
245 245 100 2450 12
246 246 100 2460 12
247 247 100 2470 12
248 248 100 2480 12
249 249 100 2490 12
250 250 100 2500 12
251 251 100 2510 12
252 252 100 2520 12
253 253 100 2530 12
254 254 100 2540 12
255 255 100 2550 12
256 256 100 2560 12
257 257 100 2570 12
258 258 100 2580 12
259 259 100 2590 12
260 260 100 2600 12
261 261 100 2610 12
262 262 100 2620 12
263 263 100 2630 12
264 264 100 2640 12
265 265 100 2650 12
266 266 100 2660 12
267 267 100 2670 12
268 268 100 2680 12
269 269 100 2690 12
270 270 100 2700 12
271 271 100 2710 12
272 272 100 2720 12
273 273 100 2730 12
274 274 100 2740 12
275 275 100 2750 12
276 276 100 2760 12
277 277 100 2770 12
278 278 100 2780 12
279 279 100 2790 12
280 280 100 2800 12
281 281 100 2810 12
282 282 100 2820 12
283 283 100 2830 12
284 284 100 2840 12
285 285 100 2850 12
286 286 100 2860 12
287 287 100 2870 12
288 288 100 2880 12
289 289 100 2890 12
290 290 100 2900 12
291 291 100 2910 12
292 292 100 2920 12
293 293 100 2930 12
294 294 100 2940 12
295 295 100 2950 12
296 296 100 2960 12
297 297 100 2970 12
298 298 100 2980 12
299 299 100 2990 12
300 300 100 3000 12
301 301 100 3010 12
302 302 100 3020 12
303 303 100 3030 12
304 304 100 3040 12
305 305 100 3050 12
306 306 100 3060 12
307 307 100 3070 12
308 308 100 3080 12
309 309 100 3090 12
310 310 100 3100 12
311 311 100 3110 12
312 312 100 3120 12
313 313 100 3130 12
314 314 100 3140 12
315 315 100 3150 12
316 316 100 3160 12
317 317 100 3170 12
318 318 100 3180 12
319 319 100 3190 12
320 320 100 3200 12
321 321 100 3210 12
322 322 100 3220 12
323 323 100 3230 12
324 324 100 3240 12
325 325 100 3250 12
326 326 100 3260 12
327 327 100 3270 12
328 328 100 3280 12
329 329 100 3290 12
330 330 100 3300 12
331 331 100 3310 12
332 332 100 3320 12
333 333 100 3330 12
334 334 100 3340 12
335 335 100 3350 12
336 336 100 3360 12
337 337 100 3370 12
338 338 100 3380 12
339 339 100 3390 12
340 340 100 3400 12
341 341 100 3410 12
342 342 100 3420 12
343 343 100 3430 12
344 344 100 3440 12
345 345 100 3450 12
346 346 100 3460 12
347 347 100 3470 12
348 348 100 3480 12
349 349 100 3490 12
350 350 100 3500 12
351 351 100 3510 12
352 352 100 3520 12
353 353 100 3530 12
3